Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timelesse end?
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bull. Cosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainder of his slanderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.
Bull Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gage to thine;

By

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another L. I take the earth to the like (forswone *Aumerle*,)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twenty thousand such as you.
Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.
Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presene then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.
Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surrie, thou liest. (sword.
Sur. Dishonorable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers scull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Fitz.